MARVEL

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NORTH
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RATED T

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four

THE INVINCIBLE WOMAN PART THREE

JOHNNY STORM
HUMAN TORCH

BEN GRIMM
THE THING

SUSAN RICHARDS
INVISIBLE WOMAN

REED RICHARDS
MISTER FANTASTIC

Fantastic Four

A brilliant scientist--his best friend--the woman he loves--and her hot-headed younger brother! Together, they braved the unknown terrors of outer space and were transformed by cosmic rays into something more than merely human! Now they are the **Fantastic Four**...and the world will never be the same again!

Previously, the Fantastic Four received a distress signal from **Galactus** containing a cryptic message: *Find Susan Storm*. The signal had been broadcast to the entire universe, so with no time to lose, **Reed**, **Sue**, **Johnny**, and **Ben** took off for the far reaches of space to discover why Sue was wanted by the Devourer of Worlds...

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FANTASTIC FOUR CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

You *know* we haven't done enough research into the effects of cosmic rays! They might kill us all out in space!

It's back before everything changed. I'm still in grad school--just a *kid.*

A kid with a *hopeless* crush on a brilliant scientist named Reed Richards.

Susan...look! Those words in the sky! What do they *mean?*

My name is Susan Storm.

I've just become the *Invisible Girl.*

You haven't won yet! Even ***you*** four can't defeat all of my under-earth horde!

SUSAN STORM IN:

"STRANGE SECRET ORIGIN"

"The Mole Man." He was the first time we found it necessary to use our powers.

Reed prayed it would be the last.

His prayers weren't the kind that got answered.

We were fighting *alien invaders* when I discovered I could do *more* than just turn myself invisible.

I could turn *others* invisible too.

But-- where'd he go??

I was as shocked as anyone. So shocked, I turned *visible* again.

Get her!!

I was *bending light*, but more than that--

--I was making *force-fields* with my mind.

SMAK!

SMAK! SMAK!

SMAK!
SMAK!
SMAK!
SMAK!
SMAK!
Don't-- don't...!
Don't.
Arrrgh!
We surrender, we *surrender!*
Uh... Sis?
Susie-Q, are you-- *doing* this...?
Yeah, I-- I think I *am.*

Soon after, I began to discover my powers were broader--and *deeper*--than any of us suspected.

Look out!

The gunman! He hit our *tire!*

We're gonna *crash!*

Not if *I* can help it! *Hang on!!*

I'll stretch to replace the tire, but I don't know how much I can *take!*

It's okay, Reed...

...*I've got you.*

It was fantastic.

It was...

...it was *beyond* fantastic.

My powers were ***mysterious***--much moreso than Ben's, Johnny's, or Reed's.

Reed wanted to know ***why.***

Well, Reed? This kooky hat giving you any ***readings?***

Sue...it's ***remarkable.*** Your powers are greater than any of us even suspected!

Oh? Do tell, Big Brain.

As we know, light is made of ***photons:*** elementary electromagnetic field quanta that are self-propagating, electrically neutral transverse-oscillating waves of electrical and magnetic force.

Uh-huh. And fer the ***cheap seats?***

Light--like magnetism, like electricity, like radio waves and X-rays and gamma rays and microwaves--is an ***electro-magnetic phenomenon,*** old friend.

It's ***massless*** and ***uncharged,*** and yet Sue bends it ***anyway.***

I believe she's ***adjusting*** the crosswise electrical and magnetic fields that light, at quantum scale, is ***made*** of--overriding both Maxwell's equations ***and*** the Lorentz force law at the same time.

It's ***astounding.*** Put simply, Susan: If you can command light in this way...

...then you must also, necessarily, be the master of ***every other electro-magnetic force*** in the ***universe.***

But, Reed--I ***don't*** control magnetism. Or radio. And definitely not ***microwaves.***

Not yet. With your permission, Susan--I'd like to begin ***training.***

Hole-ee! Magnets too!

Sounds ta me like "Invisible Girl" don't quite capture th' ***full picture,*** Susie-Q!

Heck, my sister's incredible!

We began with smaller experiments.

Yes! Sue,look--the compass! You're affecting ***magnetism*** all on its own!

It's remarkable!

And soon, we'd moved on to ***larger*** ones.

You're absolutely...

...remarkable.

Ben was right. I needed a new codename that captured ***all*** of what I was--but I couldn't ***land*** on one.

My powers, or my ***understanding*** of my powers, were growing daily.

KA-SMAK!

ZZZOT!

There didn't seem to be a meaningful difference anymore.

I was alone in Paris, on a solo mission. I'd gotten a nice hotel. We could afford it: We were *celebrities.*

The world *trusted* us.

And I was having a nightmare.

I was alone against endless villains. No matter what I did, it wasn't enough.

I was *losing,* more and more.

I knew they were going to kill me.

But I dug deep.

I found strength.

I

fought

back.

To some, I bent the *electrical energy* in their nerves, squeezing their *lungs* so they couldn't *inhale*.

Some froze as I turned them invisible-- to *light*, to *heat*, to *everything*.

Others got *microwaves*.

I didn't stop. I kept it up until I was certain they were all *dead*.

And then I woke up.

I didn't realize that while I'd been dreaming, my powers had manifested.

I didn't realize I'd accidentally killed people in real life too.

TEL DU LOUVR

And I certainly didn't realize that I'd killed *everyone.*

Johnny tried to find me in the morning: His power over flames had let him survive his freezing.

I couldn't face him.

Instead, I searched for other survivors, but there weren't any.

I'd never felt such ***shame*** before.

The lights started going out in the early evening. Without human management, safeties tripped, and power grids around the world collapsed.

They would never turn back on again.

I spent ***weeks*** alone, searching through the ruins of Earth...

...and all I found were ***bodies.***

I could *still* hear Reed's voice in my head. "What you're smelling are organic compounds," he'd say, explaining as always. "Cadaverine and putrescine.

"Chemically, they're the smell of *death.*"

I think I might've gone a little crazy.

It was an accident, of course it was--but that didn't *change* anything. How could it?

I'd killed *billions.* There had never been a worse person than me...

...and now there never would be.

The guilt was--*indescribable.* It was *all* that I *was.*

There was no way to fix it, to get *past* it. There was no way I could ever be *forgiven.*

I had only two options. Eventually, I chose one...

...and I let Johnny *find* me.

And when he'd calmed, I told him what I wanted to do.

Sis, I can't--

You can. You ***have*** to. I can't ***live*** like this, Johnny. I don't ***want*** to live like this.

And I ***won't***. I promise you, ***I won't***.

I need it to go away, one way or the other.

You generate light. I bend that light into a ***laser***. I turn my flesh invisible, my skull, so light can ***enter***...

...and we ***cook*** the part of my brain that's making me feel like this.

Sue, it was an accident--a ***mistake***. This is-- it's a ***permanent*** solution to a ***temporary*** problem. You--

I've got an even more permanent solution if you won't ***help me***.

This is the only way. Flame on, Johnny.

Please, ***please*** don't--

I SAID "FLAME ON"!!

FWOOSH!

SSFFFFT

SSFFFFT

I couldn't change what I'd done to the world. But--I could change how I *felt* about it.

The putrescine and cadaverine were still there, only now their scents didn't hit me like a wall.

Now they wrapped around me like a *blanket.*

I don't feel bad about anything anymore.

And I'll never hear Reed's voice in my head again.

If you burn out all your guilt and regret and shame and horror, do you know what's left?

Joy.

Only joy.

Anyone who ends all life on the planet is not a good person. That's inarguable. Therefore, I'm not a good person.

My surgery let me accept that, and it was like a great heavy ***mass*** lifting off my chest.

I didn't have to ***do*** it anymore. To ***try*** and ***fail*** to be something I'm not.

Johnny told me I wasn't thinking clearly. He said this was a mistake--and that he just wanted his sister back.

I told ***him*** I'd learned there are some wounds that don't kill you, even though they should. But that didn't mean you'd ***heal*** from them either.

They just--***stayed*** there. They became a ***part*** of you.

And when that happened, you could either give up...or ***lean in*** and truly ***become*** what you now ***were.***

I told him I'd taken a new name. He told ***me*** I'd burned my ***soul*** right out of my brain.

Somewhere in there, we fought.

His wounds weren't the kind that got better.

It was thrilling.

And there was a whole universe out there...

Are we *there* yet?

We're already here, Johnny--at least on a ***cosmic*** scale. The wormholes and spacial folds we've exploited have allowed us to travel deep into ***uncharted space...***

...Galactus ***must*** be close.

I got somethin', boss.

Throw it up on the big screen, Ben, and let's see.

I dunno 'bout you, but that looks ta ***me*** like ***Power Cosmic.*** A whole ***bunch*** 'a it.

Galactus. Get us there, Johnny, top speed.

And let's hope we're not *too late.*

YOU--

YOU'RE HERE

Yes, Galactus. We received your message.

Everyone received your message.

What *happened?* Who *did* this to you?

OUR UNIVERSE WAS RECENTLY MADE LARGER--LARGER THAN WE'D DARED DREAM*

BUT THE MORE SPACE AND TIME THAT EXISTS, THE MORE ROOM THERE IS FOR ANYTHING--EVERYTHING--TO HAPPEN

SOMETIMES, MORE THAN ONCE

*It happened at the end of the *Reckoning War* in *Fantastic Four* (2018) #45! --Tom

Of *course.* You're saying that with enough space--and enough *time*--random fluctuations dictate that *every* possible structure *must* be formed!

HER WORLD WAS LIKE YOURS, EXCEPT--THINGS WENT POORLY

Great Scott! Not just a Boltzmann *brain*... but a Boltzmann *world?*

Wait--this other Earth, it's filled wit' people *jes* like *us?*

The odds must be--*beyond* astronomical, right?

Sure-- but it only has to happen the once.

I HELD HER BACK FOR AS LONG AS I COULD, BUT HER POWER IS--FUNDAMENTAL. UNIVERSAL. SHE'S--

--SHE'S KILLING ME, SUSAN

Who? Who is?!

Me.

You can call me the *Invincible Woman.*

I've been killing *Galactus.*

KRAKOOO

Fantastic Four Fan Page

FANTASTIC FOUR #4. Seems fitting for that issue number to feature a done-in-one that sums up everything I love about this series and these characters. I am a lifelong fan (last year marked forty years since my first FF book), and Ryan North's run is right up there with the best it's ever been in my lifetime.

Thanks for issues like these! I love an epic Doom-centric event as much as the next person (and ONE WORLD UNDER DOOM is, in fact, Pretty Great Comics), but standalone stories that manage to showcase the whole cast individually as well as the family unit while also dealing with some Wild Science Stuff are basically the perfect FANTASTIC FOUR comics to me. Heck, perfect comics in general.

The Fantastic Four are the heart and soul of Marvel, and stories like this—a kind of fractal where the long history can be summed up in one single issue—are something special.

This Man, This Joe Soares
Phoenix, AZ

Thanks, Joe! We're trying to experiment more this run with single-issue stories interspersed among multipart adventures.

Greetings, Mighty Marvel,

It just occurred to me (and I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner): With the FF living out west (in Arizona), wouldn't it make sense for them to have encounters with Wyatt Wingfoot, Puma, Firebird, and other western-based friends and heroes?

Another idea to explore: They're living in Ben's Aunt Petunia's house. How did she get from Yancy Street to Arizona? After all, he was raised in NYC, so she must have been there too since they were so close. So how'd she end up in Arizona?

And still another idea: The FF are laid low by an old enemy. To the rescue: Ben's aunt, coming home for a visit. The way Ben talks about her, she must be a tough old bird. I could just see her taking down one of the FF's old foes (perhaps the Wizard or that alchemist guy, Diablo).

Just a few ideas I thought you might like to look into. Please feel free to use them.

A True Believer,
Jim Gilbert

It's perfectly simple, Jim. Aunt Petunia came into the family when she married Ben's Uncle Jake, and the two of them raised Ben for a time in the Midwest after he got into some trouble as the leader of the Yancy Street Gang. As for your other ideas, Wyatt Wingfoot turned up just last month, so how's that for service?

Hello!

I love to see Alicia in a bigger role! And I am also very excited to see Black Cat in the next issue—she's one of my favorite Marvel characters. Also, a message for Johnny Storm—SHAVE YOUR MUSTACHE!!!

Dawid Nowicki

You know, Dawid, the more readers complain about Johnny's facial hair, the wilder he lets it grow! He's just contrarian like that!

This is one of the greatest one-shot story issues I've ever read. Starting with the unique "sightless" intro page, to us zooming out to see the problem of Jellybean and then us not seeing it once it overwhelms Alicia's mind. The "what's going on?" aspect, followed by the pseudo-thriller-horror of a hidden monster no one can see... Then Alicia's gone in an epic moment of horror-movie awesomeness, but not before she gives Reed the hint he needed to find out what's really going on. It was so masterfully done!

Also, the explanation of it all hinging around us understanding what pareidolia is was absolutely amazing. That's some incredible writing and artistry working in union! Especially that page with Reed giving examples of the fake faces we see. Incredible!

I'm not usually a FANTASTIC FOUR reader (I've collected a run here and there, but not consistently over the years). I usually focus more on the expanded X-MEN and VENOM lines, with a few AVENGERS titles sprinkled in. But my kids asked that we get an FF title into the rotation, and this one is absolutely awesome so far. Thanks!

Andrew Salmon & Kids
Alexandria, VA

Seems to us that you're bringing your children up right, Andrew!

Dear Ryan and Humberto,

Have just read issue #4 of the FF mag. A clever '50s-type sci-fi plot. The creature was truly terrifying.

An alien-invasion-type story of the sort that Stan Lee and Jack Kirby used to excel at. Wonderful, really. I love these types of stories. The characterization of Alicia Masters-Grimm, particularly, is excellent.

As usual, Humberto's art really captures the family feel of the book and the extraordinary SF. The hidden presence of the monster was brilliantly done. Aided by Edgar Delgado's superb colors. I'm a longtime fan of the FF with a particular fondness for the Thomas/Buscema/Sinnott era. Who could forget those stories and art? Ryan and Humberto are likewise producing a book that is heartfelt and curious about the universe. Puts a big smile on your face. Very enjoyable!

Mario Botte
Hornsey, London

Thanks, Mario! But once again, I want to point out the excellent inking of Victor Olazaba as well. The inker is often the unheralded man in the art team, but they can very easily make or break the final look of the page.

Tom B
12/16/25

As always, if you've got an opinion to share, you can email it to us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM. Be sure to mark your letters as "Okay to Print!" if you'd like to see them featured here on the Fan Page!

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